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# THE BEACON

## FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOL. XXI. No. 32

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### Just Sisters

By Helen Diehl Olds

In Three Parts

Part I

RUFF AND 'RITING



they did mean, until they had tried them out for themselves.

"Well—" It was hardest for Lad. Being the youngest, she was more apt to do what Daddy said. She was just seven, and the others were eight and nine. "But Daddy'll ask for them."

"He hasn't for a week," announced Cyn. "He's probably forgotten all about them. You know how Daddy does forget."

It was true. Daddy was always forgetting even the most important things, and copy-book writing wasn't important at all.

"Well, all right," Lad agreed, and put her pen down.

So they put the books and pens and ink away, and went out to play.

"Miz Botts next door has rented her front room," Becky informed them at the supper table that evening when she brought in the butter.

The trio were interested. Mrs. Botts always told Becky all her troubles. She hadn't enough money to live on, she said, and had been trying to rent her spare room for a long time.

"She had to take a lady," went on Becky. "But she's 'most as good as a man, 'cause she works down town in an office building all day. But Miz Botts says she washes out her silk things evenings, and is always working one of them write-typer machines of her own in the evenings, too. But she's a right nice gal, and Miz Botts's going to keep her."

Poor Becky always did get mixed on her words.

"You mean a typewriter," corrected Cyn. "That's what I'm going to write on when I grow up—"

She stopped suddenly for fear that the

mere mention of writing would remind Daddy that he hadn't looked at the copy-books for over a week.

"Well, that's conveniently lucky," Daddy looked up. "Do you mean that the young woman does typing in the evenings?"

"Yes, suh, that's it."

"It just happens that I've a very important letter to get off tonight. I wonder if she'd make me a copy of it. Can one of you go over after supper and ask her? I have it all written out."

"We'll all go," they answered in one breath.

And that's how they met Miss Anne. It was half-dark when they went up on Mrs. Botts's porch and asked to see the new lady. Mrs. Botts went into the hall and called, "Anne!" and then explained, "Her last name's too long." Miss Anne came right out onto the porch and looked a bit surprised when she saw them. People always did that, and they were used to it. For, you see, Bud and Cyn and Lad always dressed exactly alike, even to handkerchiefs.

But Miss Anne didn't ask, "Are you three triplets?" in that scandalized way that most people did when viewing the trio for the first time, and they loved her because she didn't say a word. She only looked at them as though she understood that they hated to be dressed alike.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked,

CYN and Bud and Lad were tired of their copy-books. Their writing was just as unreadable as ever when they tried to write anything outside of the copy-book sentences. Of course, Daddy didn't know that. He just looked at the copy-books every evening and told them that they were doing much better. And of course, old black Becky, who had brought them up, thought their writing was perfectly lovely. That was because she couldn't write at all.

For nearly a week now, Daddy had forgotten to ask for the copy-books, and they had all fallen behind. So the girls were huddled in three miserable little bunches around the dining-room table, trying to get caught up. They wrote until their fingers were cramped and stained with ink, copying sentences very carefully. They were supposed to do a page of them every day.

Suddenly Bud, the oldest, put down her pen. "I'm not going to write another word. Why, this is just like school! I hate it!"

"I'll stop if you do," Cyn, the middle sister, put down her pen.

Lad, the third one, looked up. She was right in the middle of the copy-book sentence, "Never Put Off Till Tomorrow What You Can Do Today." The copy-book sentences were all funny like that. Daddy had had to explain just what they meant, and even then the three little girls hadn't always understood just what



and they all squeezed into the porch swing.

Bud, being the oldest, explained about the letter.

Miss Anne laughed. "Oh, Mrs. Botts thinks I do typing in the evenings. No, indeed. I get enough of that in the daytime, down town. What I write in the evenings is stories—stories for little girls just like you."

They were so surprised they couldn't say anything. They had never met anyone who wrote stories before.

"But I'm a fair typist, and will be glad to make a copy of the letter for your father," she went on. "Will you wait for it?"

Daddy had said they were to wait, for the letter wasn't very long. They stayed in the porch swing while Miss Anne went inside. They could hear the tap, tap of the typewriting machine.

As soon as she came out with the finished letter, they gave her the envelope that Daddy had given them and scooted home. He had told them it wasn't polite to stay when they were on business.

Daddy said the letter was fine, and the next morning, Miss Anne told them that it wasn't worth all that Daddy had put in the envelope, but that she appreciated it, anyway.

After that, they saw Miss Anne every day and soon they knew all about her. She told them that she lived on a farm about a dozen miles from Springville, and she went home to see her parents every week-end. So they never saw her on Saturdays and Sundays. She told them the most wonderful stories about that farm and the animals there—the cows, the white chickens, the cats and kittens, but best of all was Ruff, the dog. His name was short for Ruffian. He was Miss Anne's very own dog, and she missed him so much.

Then, in their turn, they told Miss Anne everything they did, and soon she knew all about them. And one day, they told her that they didn't like writing. It was when they were sitting four-in-a-row in Mrs. Botts's porch swing.

"Writing's bad enough, but copy-book writing at home is awful," said Cyn, and when Miss Anne asked about the copy-books, she explained, "You see, Daddy said our writing was disgraceful, and he got us copy-books, and we had to write a page a day."

"He looked at them every evening," supplied Bud.

"And then he forgot to look at 'em, so we stopped," finished Lad.

"Run over and get those copy-books," directed Miss Anne.

Lad, being the youngest, was

used to running errands for her sisters, and started off.

Miss Anne didn't say a word when she looked at the books.

"Isn't the writing nice?" prompted Cyn.

"Very nice," admitted Miss Anne. "But you simply drew the letters with the sentences at the top as your model. You'd never learn to write that way." She flipped the pages over, reading the sentences.

They had to tell her the stories that went with them, for there was a story for almost every page that they had filled. Then, she came to the page, "Never Put Off Till Tomorrow What You Can Do Today," and the writing in each book ended in the middle of the sentence in the middle of the page.

"Oh, Miss Anne, don't make us write 'em," pleaded Bud.

"I wouldn't think of it!" Miss Anne shut up the books. "Now, who wants to hear about Ruffian?"

They all did, for they loved dogs. They begged for one almost daily, but Daddy said three girls were enough for one family. So Miss Anne told how Ruffian brought the cows home and how he got into mischief, just like them.

"There's something about Ruff that's different from most dogs," Miss Anne said. "I've never told you this before, because I just tell it to my special friends, but now that we are special friends, I'll tell you. Ruffian loves to get letters—especially letters from little girls in the city."

"Oh, Miss Anne," they squealed. "You do think up the funniest things."

"'Tisn't funny at all," corrected Miss Anne. "Poor Ruff gets lonely on the farm, and he just loves to hear about the

city dogs. Nothing tickles him more than to have me tell him that I saw a city dog chasing an alley cat up a tree."

"Could we write him a letter?" ventured Lad. "We wrote a thank-you letter once. That was what made Daddy think we needed the copy-books. I could tell Ruffian about the baby kittens."

"I could tell him about the puppy next door," contributed Bud.

"I could tell him about the cat Becky had that had a fit," said Cyn.

Ruffian was so delighted with their letters that he sent back a cute little note—of course, the trio knew Miss Anne had really written it. Then, there was nothing to do but answer Ruff's letter, and so it happened that every Saturday afternoon when Miss Anne took the big red Traction car around on Magnolia Street to ride the dozen miles to her home, she took three little letters with her for Ruffian. And every Monday morning, when she came back, she brought a letter addressed to the Misses Elizabeth, Cynthia and Adelaide Lee—those were their real names, you know.

A few weeks after this, the three were out in the kitchen helping Becky with the dishes, and laughing over Ruff's latest letter, when Daddy called them from the living room. "Hey, you three, come in here."

Bud hung up her tea towel, Cyn dropped the silverware into the drawer, and Lad let the crumbs spill off the crumber. They always hurried when Daddy called in that kind of voice.

"What does this mean?" He was cross! He held up the three copy-books, each open at the unfinished sentence, "Never Put Off Till—"

"Why—" faltered Bud. She was the oldest and it was up to her to explain.

"We just got tired of writing in 'em," she mumbled.

"But you knew I wanted you to practice writing in them, didn't you?" persisted Daddy.

They all nodded. "Yes, Daddy," they chorused miserably.

"We didn't write any better," Cyn tried to make things clear.

"But I got the books so you would write better," scowled Daddy. "If you'd filled them, you would be writing better."

"We filled half of them, and we didn't write any better," stated Bud.

Daddy threw up his hands. "Don't you want to write better?"

"Oh, we do write better now, Daddy," Lad assured him. "Really."

"Miss Davis gave me 'A' on dictation this morning," announced Cyn, "and all I used to get was 'Very Poor' when I had the copy-book."



"... and they all squeezed into the porch swing."



Daddy scratched his head. "How did you happen to improve, if you didn't keep up the copy-books?"

"It wasn't the copy-books at all," Cyn giggled. "It was Ruffian. He's Miss Anne's dog, and we wrote him each a letter every week."

"Letters to a dog! What nonsense," said Daddy. "Is Miss Anne your teacher?"

"Oh, no, Daddy, she lives next door." "And works downtown." "She wrote that letter for you." They all explained.

Daddy was crosser than ever. "That stenographer? The idea, thinking I don't know how to teach my own children. Didn't you tell her I said for you to keep up the copy-books?"

"Yes, but she said not to," stated Cyn. "She said you were out of date."

"She did!" Daddy was so cross that he didn't even wait to grab his hat, but started right out into the hall. "I'll tell her what I think of her, meddling like this," and he shot out of the door.

Lad began to cry. "Oh, I hope he doesn't scold her very hard."

"Daddy can be so awful at times," Bud sighed.

"Ugh," grunted Cyn. "If I was Miss Anne, I'd slap him!"

The funniest thing was, that when Daddy came home in about an hour, he did look sort of slapped.

"Well, three," he cuddled them all up in a bunch—something he hadn't done in a long time. "I guess that Miss Anne girl's right. I'm out of date."

"Oh, no, Daddy, dear," they insisted, hugging him, and Lad added, "even if you are, we love you just the same."

"I'm convinced I am. Those letters to that dog would have convinced anyone. Why, they were great!" He hugged them back. "But listen, kids, I really thought the copy-books were all right. Am I forgiven?"

"You're not cross with Miss Anne?" asked Bud.

Daddy shook his head.

"Or with us?" asked Cyn.

Daddy shook his head.

"Or—or—" Lad hesitated. She must hold up her end of the questioning. "Or with Ruffian?"

Daddy shook his head.

"Then we forgive you," they chorused.

(To be continued)

## The Discovery

By GRACE JONES BRENNAN

I found the daintiest treasure,  
Mid meadow grass today,  
A tiny bit of cobweb lace,  
Lost from the Milky Way.

For, you see, some truant angel,  
Who loitered there last night,  
Was startled when the Moon came out,  
And dropped her kerchief white.

## Mother's Day

By DAISY D. STEPHENSON

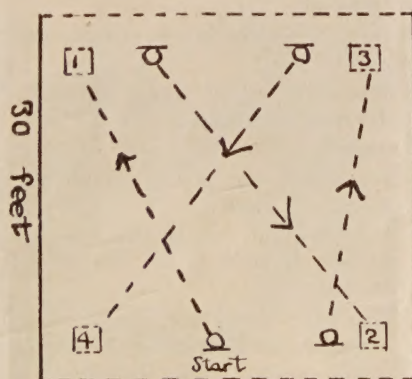
On Mother's Day the birds all know;  
They trill from dawn to twilight's glow,  
And every bird note tells us true  
What Mother means to me, to you.

On Mother's Day the blossoms wear  
Their gayest petals, fragrant, fair;  
They smile and nod so knowingly—  
They guess what Mother means, you see.

We children try, on Mother's Day,  
To help and please her every way;  
And how it gladdens Mother dear,  
If we remember all the year!

## Sidewalk Golf

The game of Sidewalk Golf originated in the spring of 1930 when Sydney Strong, a friend of boys, watched a boy snap a checker on the pavement on East 29th Street, New York City. The wide popularity which the game has won may be due in part to the fact that there is no expense, the only equipment being a piece of chalk and a few checkers. Whatever the reason for the favor it has found, in this simple adaptation the great game of golf has been brought to the sidewalk, the home, the gymnasium. Although intended for boys from 12 to 15 years of age, the game has proved popular with girls and adults, and there were several girls competing in the city-wide tournament held last summer. From August 11th to 25th preliminaries had been held in over 40 of the playgrounds of New York City, and there were 39 contestants who met in the final contest on August 27th. The first 13 contestants received gold medals; the next 13 silver medals; the last 13 bronze medals. Each of the players was given a set of half a dozen checkers in a box with a piece of chalk and mimeographed rules for the game, and was urged to go out and promote *Sidewalk Golf*.



### RULES FOR PLAY

Instead of hitting a ball, the player snaps a checker over the pavement or floor. For "holes" small 6-inch squares are chalked on the pavement about 30 feet apart. Beginners may use four

holes (1, 2, 3, 4). Later the number may be increased to nine.

The players first snap for square No. 1 from a starting line about 30 feet distant. Having made No. 1, they proceed to snap for No. 2, keeping strict account of the score—that is, the number of snaps required to make the squares. Then they progress to No. 3 and No. 4. The player making the round with the fewest snaps is the winner. The game may be played alone or in couples, or more; in singles or doubles. When two or more play in a group each square must be completed by all before proceeding to the next.

There are no plays in field golf which cannot be adapted to sidewalk golf and there may be bunkers, hazards, etc.

For links of 6 or 9 squares (holes) merely chalk a sufficient number of 6-inch squares, distributed so that the distance of reaching each one will be about 30 feet. A permanent golf course may be carried out on the sidewalk or floor by the use of paint, and circles, instead of squares, may be made for holes.

It is important to remember that the checker is snapped with the big finger, not tossed or thrown over the surface of the walk, pavement or floor.

## What's Doing in the Schools

A report from Milwaukee, Wis., describes the active interest of the church people in their school. For the thirty-five pupils and young people there are seven teachers, a leader, and a secretary. The Junior Church, with its opening service of hymns, readings, and talk or story, includes four classes of children, from seven to thirteen years of age. The younger children have a separate session in another part of the building, where the service is adapted to their interests and understanding. The oldest boys also meet by themselves, as do the nursery children.

Miss Marion G. Ogden, the leader of the Junior Church, sums up their purpose in the following words: "If we, in this little group, are learning some worthy and beautiful thoughts that have solid foundations, and doing some worthy and beautiful deeds, which are foundations in themselves, we are not laboring in vain."

In the First Parish Church School of Waltham, Mass., Mrs. H. B. Hartwell, superintendent, a mothers' club has been started, called The Fortnightly Club, the purpose of which is to discover how mothers can help the work of the school. They discovered first that they needed a greater knowledge of liberal religious thought. With the minister as leader they are writing papers on such subjects as "God," "Jesus," "Immortality." These papers are read and discussed very frankly.



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

14 FENWICK RD.,  
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am in the sixth grade at school and go to the Unitarian church. I read *The Beacon* every week and like it very much. It has some very interesting stories. My teacher's name is Miss Roberts. I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,  
NANCY HALLOWELL.

211 PARK AVE.,  
MEADVILLE, PENNA.

Dear Editor: I get, read, and enjoy *The Beacon* every week. I enjoyed "The Cow Without a Bell" very much. My mother and aunt enjoyed it, also.

We have a small Sunday school of about sixteen. There are four boys in our class and Miss Walling is our teacher. I am ten years old.

Yours truly,  
JOE ARNOLD.

46 BEACH ST.,  
WOBBURN, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am in the Primary class of the Unitarian Sunday school and study from the book called *Living Together*, which is very interesting. I am already a member of the Beacon Club and I wear my pin at all times.

Yours truly,  
RUBY-RAE HUTCHINSON.

BOX 156,  
MENDON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am nine years of age and in the fourth grade. I have received my third-year pin and I am working for my fourth-year pin. My superintendent's name is Henry Twitchell. My teacher's name is Mrs. Saunders.

Yours truly,  
HAZEL E. BROWN.

MOLINE, ILL.  
2510 4TH ST.,

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I am ten years old and go to the Unitarian Church in Moline. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Dufva.

Yours truly,  
MYRON M. JORDAN.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

## A Morning Greeting

By FRANCES ANN FISKE

If you wake in the early morning  
As soon as it is light  
You may hear a Robin Redbreast  
Singing with all his might.

He sings "Wake up! 'Tis morning!  
This is a brand new day.  
Get up at once, you sleepy head,  
Come out with me, and play."

## Beacon Catechism

VIII

73. What book follows Proverbs?  
The Book of Ecclesiastes.
74. What is its nature?  
It is a sermon on the vanity of life.
75. What is a statement in the book which is often quoted?  
There is a time for everything, even a time for dancing.
76. What kind of book is the Song of Songs, sometimes called The Song of Solomon?  
It is a Hebrew love song.
77. What books are called "The Greater Prophets"?  
Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, and Daniel.
78. What person in the Bible often read and quoted Isaiah?  
Jesus.
79. By what name is Jeremiah sometimes known?  
The Prophet of Sorrow.
80. Who wrote Lamentations?  
Jeremiah.
81. What book follows Lamentations?  
Ezekiel 1.
82. What interesting story is found in the book of Daniel?  
Daniel in the lion's den.
83. What does the saying—"Dare to be a Daniel" mean?  
It means that, like Daniel, one should dare to do right in the face of great danger.
84. Why are these five books,—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel and Daniel,—called "The Greater Prophets"?  
Because they are longer than the books bearing the names of twelve other prophets.
85. Does the length of a book have anything to do with its greatness?  
Not often.

## Puzzlers

### Word Square

The *first* letters downward spell to pretend. The *second* letters downward spell existed. The *third* letters downward spell limbs. The *fourth* letters downward spell playthings.

1. To hit
2. A brave man
3. Body of soldiers
4. To disturb

### Charade

My *first*, though restless, cannot move away;  
It roves about, and yet at home must stay.  
My *second*, by itself of little use,  
And often treated with unfair abuse,  
Completes whatever it is needed for.  
My *whole* is something very like a door  
That shuts and opens. Readers, can you tell  
My name? I'm sure you know it very well.

E. F. B.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 30

Fruit Puzzle.—

BOARD	BLIND
ARROW	ARROW
APPLE	HINGE
BLIND	APPLE
HINGE	KNIFE
KNIFE	BOARD

—ORANGE and BANANA

Twisted Names of Birds.—1. Oriole. 2. Martin. 3. Canary. 4. Grackle. 5. Bunting. 6. Waxwing. 7. Jay. 8. Cardinal. 9. Magpie. 10. Warbler.

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MARIE W. JOHNSON, Editor

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